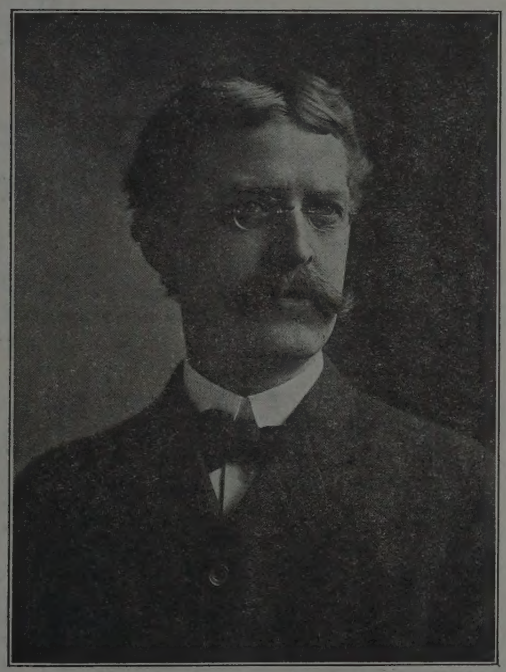
Volume LXIII CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1909 Number 27

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



GEORGE F. SHEARS, M. D.

September 16, 1856. August 27, 1909.

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1909. NUMBER 27.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Dr. George Francis Shears,
1856—1909.

This was a man born to the healer's task,
Not only of men's bodies but their souls;
Womanly gentle, strong as tempered steel,—
A child could lead him, but the steady hand
That held the saving knife was firm as adamant;
Broad was his mind,—broad as the restless sea,—
And just beyond all fear.
And he is dead!
Dimmed is the learned eye,—the skilful hand
Responds no more to guidance of that brain
That overflowed with wisdom, science, law.
Hushed is the genial wit,—the cheery voice
That brought forgetfulness of pain
To many a brother man is heard no more;
And poor humanity, missing his matchless skill,
Weeps comfortless its lamentable loss.
O skilful surgeon, O most loyal friend,
When shall we, struggling earthlings, find thy like again!

A. A. O.

---

UNITY again is called to mourn the loss of a valiant supporter, and the Senior Editor of a loving and wise counselor, in the death of Dr. George F. Shears. For the last fifteen years, at least, he has been chairman of the small committee of gentlemen who have seen to it that UNITY should not cease to be. It is not saying too much that had it not been for this persistent, intelligent and loving leadership, UNITY could not have continued its life unless, in the measureless realms of Providence, other friends, as yet undiscovered, had risen up to do the task all the more noble because apparently thankless and hopeless.

---

As the vacation days draw to a close ministers and teachers confront the problems of program-making. What to do and how to do it this winter should be spelled out with as much definiteness as possible if the season's work is to be profitable. The tyranny of a program for class work, pulpit activities, and club schemes is often tyrannical, but the absence of a program is more tyrannical still.

---

In making an estimate of the world's wealth we greatly err in the general footing because of neglected items. The following from a private letter to the Senior Editor represents a benignant class of unlisted wealth in the clumsy compilation of our spiritual statisticians:

"I have today returned from performing the last offices for my father in the beautiful cemetery at ———. He would have reached his eighty-eighth birthday on the 26th of this month. He was a Baptist minister for more than forty years. and was one of the men who, in spite of the Saul's armor of a theology which they tried to believe, were saved and helped to save others by being of the Jesus sort and making themselves felt while trying to save the face of that theology. No more upright and loyal worker for his fellow man ever lived. He entered into rest as peacefully as though his heavenly Father had already pronounced his "Well done," and granted him an honorable discharge.

---

The American Bar Association has published a sixteen page pamphlet entitled "Canons of Professional Ethics," adopted at its meeting at Seattle, August 27, 1908. These "canons" were prepared by a committee of fourteen consisting of eminent names representing all sections of the country. The appearance of such a pamphlet from such a source should be taken as a hopeful sign of the profounder tendencies of our day. The duty of the counsel towards his opponent, his relation to the dignity of the court, the criminality of stirring up litigation of unfair or undignified methods towards influencing the court are among the subjects treated. All this tends to increase one's estimate of the law and the nobility of the profession which represents it. While these "canons" are prepared for lawyers and by lawyers, they form a profitable document for preachers and teachers, as well as business men, to peruse. Application to John Hinkley, Secretary, 215 North Charles street, Baltimore, Md., will bring the pamphlet.

---

A friend traveling abroad sends us a "Missionary Post Card" from London, representing in a graphic way the gruesome "land octopus" that sucks the life-blood of the people of that greatest city in the world. The tentacles of this devil-fish extend into and encircle much of the city. It shows how the Duke of Westminster owns (?) 400 acres in the thickly populated parts of that city with a yearly rental of $15,000,000; Lord Northampton owns (?) 260 acres; the Duke of Bedford 250 acres; the Duke of Norfolk owns (?) most of the Strand. In all, this octopus grasps five square miles of London, and absorbs $100,000,000 a year in rentals. Furthermore, this card tells us that 500 peers own (?) an entire third of England; and 4,000 landlords own (?) an entire half of England. These figures may be subject to revision and the exhibit of the card is certainly sensational, but the cold figures at their minimum are more gruesome than any pictured octopus. This survival of feudalism is still active at the very heart of modern civilization,

not only in the great city of London, but in all cities. It is the confusing factor in economics. Here is a tangible, definite source of monstrous evil. The wrong perpetrated is none the less cruel and astrocious because the perpetrators thereof are generally gentlemen and ladies who are conscious of doing no wrong,—indeed, are often earnestly striving to do good. They are themselves, indeed, the saddest victims of a system which they did not create, and which perhaps they would be glad to supplant, but are helpless to do so. Nothing but the strong, wise action of the public, the *common* sense, the legislative arm of democracy, can wipe away this awful, unjust distribution of material things. Even democracy cannot do it suddenly, still less can it do it violently, but the thing must be done. Neither individuals, churches, nor the state can serve morals or religion if they do not frankly face these awful facts and earnestly seek a remedy.

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As we go to press the newspapers tell us that Mrs. Nelson Morris has set aside $250,000 for the establishment of an institution for the study of the sources of disease and their remedies in connection with the Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. One hundred thousand dollars of this sum is to be invested in a building, and the remaining $150,000 is towards an endowment of the same. The building is to be a memorial to her late husband, Nelson Morris, the great packer, and is to bear his name. We congratulate the hospital and the city of Chicago for this unique and valuable addition to its civic equipments, and still more for this example on the part of a widow who through grief has entered into great possessions. Chicago has a large and increasing number of such women who have come into wealth which they did not create and which, indeed, neither they nor their husbands together or separately could have created unaided by existing mighty sociological and cosmic combination of forces. To our mind as yet too few of these women who have been made trustees of great, unearned increments without instructions have discharged the trust in large and permanent ways. The wealthy, particularly wealthy women, are still too much inclined to be content to justify their consciences and exhaust their time and energy in mere repair-shop work, trying as best they can to ameliorate the misfortunes, nurse the mangled, and prolong the life already emasculated by circumstances more or less gruesome. This work must needs be done, but it should never be compared with or be offered as a substitute for the far higher creative work that not only prevents calamities but sets in motion the forces that make for character and strength and inspires the production of nobler men and women. Materialism reveals itself in no more depressing and discouraging a manner than in the charities of the world. "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," says the Good Book. The great text might be paraphrased by saying: "The tender mercies of the materialistic are still material." For this and many other reasons we rejoice in the element of intellectuality encouraged in this bequest, even though the object is still to increase *bodily* health, for it recognizes the high truth that mind in the last analysis alone can minister even to diseased flesh. Let other women take example from Mrs. Morris, and find large and high ways of honoring the dead and justifying the living. Our beneficences should be cast on high and long lines.

---

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a recent issue of the *Outlook*, has a hopeful word to say of the religious attitude of the American college student, saying that during the last ten years he has adjusted himself to the thought of evolution in religion and has applied himself to the more spiritual problems concerning the thought of God, the character of Christ, and the future life. Dr. Abbott finds a growing interest in sociological problems and a tendency on the part of students to apply themselves to the practical problems of life. The writer of this note, from a somewhat extended experience in the same direction, largely endorses the conclusion of Dr. Abbott, but he also believes that over against this allaying of theological anxieties and acceptance of more rational theological postulates there is manifest on every campus a degree of spiritual indifference, a jocular neglect if not contempt of the instructions and instrumentalities of applied religion and coöperative worship that is regrettable. In this connection, the testimony of the president of one of the largest and best known educational institutions in the West should be stated. He says that in the thirty years succeeding his own graduation there has been an enormous increase in the use of tobacco on the campus, the cigar becoming the rule rather than the exception even among undergraduates, and the "smoker" has become one of the most familiar of functions among the students as well as among the professors. We have also reason to believe that polite tippling, genteel wining at banquets, etc., and the immense growth of the banqueting habit itself indicate a growing danger if not a degeneracy on the side of personal morals and the fine austerities that belong to the life of the scholar, the gentleman, and the truly educated. The causes for this reprehensible lack of interest in any form of religious thought are complex, although some of them are not difficult to discover. It is easier to break down than to build up, and the abandonment of old dogmas irreconcilable to science is an easy task compared with the building up of the new sanctities founded on science and demanded by culture. The immense advance in prosperity, the growth of wealth in the United States, has also opened the gates of the college to a vast number of boys and

girls who have not reached the great thirst; to them it is but another chance for a "good time," four years of delightful "functions," jolly excitements to be capped with a diploma that will give access through life to some good times and more good fellows. But the work of spiritualizing the joys of the campus and consecrating the life of the student, "dedicating," in the original sense of the word, *devoting* to God, the universtities of our land, is still a large and pressing task.

## Belated Tributes to Dr. Thomas

The following words of love and commendation reached us too late to be inserted in last week's tribute to Dr. Thomas. While we desired to make the last issue a memorial one, we have no disposition at any time to close the columns of UNITY to those who desire to express their appreciation of the great work or greater spirit.

**Prof. Albion W. Small, of the Chicago University, from Portland, Maine:**

"Your card about a tribute to Dr. Thomas reached me today. I should have been glad to join in attempting to cast up the addition of the world's assets through the life of Dr. Hiram W. Thomas, but received the invitation too late."

**Samuel Ullman, of Birmingham, Ala.:**

"Dr. Thomas was one of the prophets of the nineteenth century; its limitations tied his hands, but enlarged his heart and mind. His message is on the march. The twentieth century will enshrine and enlarge it. His spirit still speaks to us. It must be a great consolation to Mrs. Thomas to have shared the life he lived. He left a great legacy to us all."

## Words Spoken at the Funeral of George F. Shears, M. D., Sunday, August 29, 1909, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Chicago today mourns the loss of a good physician, a skilled surgeon, one who was wise in the ameliorating of pain and in restoring and renewing health; but more than this, Chicago mourns today the loss of a peerless citizen, a gentle man, one who was compounded of kindly earths, illuminated with a flame of spotless light, sustained by large purposes and perennial ambitions.

Surgery has come to be one of the most accurate, exacting and marvelous of the arts and sciences. The rank of eminent surgeons is necessarily a short one. Dr. Shears's standing in this rank is an assured one. But at this time and in this presence it is well to remember that this man, conspicuous in his profession, found his profession but an incident in his life. He had room for other interests, he knew the inspirations of wider vision. He knew that spirit was more than body, as life is more than meat. In the midst of an exacting professional life he had time to espouse great causes, to champion struggling movements, and to stand with the few for the sake of the many.

In the death of Dr. Shears, All Souls Church, and the Abraham Lincoln Centre have lost their Saint Luke, the beloved physician, who was also an evangelist, one who had a "cause" and delighted in its triumphs and was willing to suffer with it in its ordeals. He faced the religious problems of the day with the same clearness of mind and unflinching courage that he displayed in the matchless and strenuous career of his profession. The poet alone can adequately interpret his triumphant passage through doubt to faith.

"Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
* * * * *
He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

In the purity of his life, as well as the singleness of his purpose, the strength of his conscience, as well as the discipline of his mind, he was our Sir Galahad whose "strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure."

"Indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,—
Who reverenced his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it.
* * * * *
We know him now; all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
For pleasure, but thro' all this tract of years,
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses."

Dr. Shears was principal of a school of six hundred pupils and twelve teachers when but nineteen years of age. At twenty-six he was an interne at the hospital. At twenty-seven he was an associate professor at the Medical School. At that time he began to contribute to medical literature and never ceased his contributions until the end of his life. During all this time he became first the promoter and then the president of a great and beneficent hospital and a benign training school for nurses. Meanwhile and through it all he was guide, counselor, officer, friend and everything to the church into which his thought had brought him. For six years he was a member of its Board of Trustees, for four critical years he was chairman of that Board, the longest period the office was ever held by one person, and he was always its spokesman when occasion required. He was a man who had time to wait upon the ministrations of the spirit and believed in them.

Now, humanly speaking, he is dead at fifty-three, and our rebellious hearts exclaim, Why this blighting of a gracious blossom, why this rude interruption of a noble as well as a brilliant career? In our impatience we cry, Why this waste while others, selfish, sordid and visionless, holding back while he pushed forward, remain? Let us not mar this great revelation by such protest. Let us rather discover in this a splendid manifestation of the law of the indestructibility of force, the conservation and correlation of energy. Here we find the severest rules of economics justified, here the nice balances of nature have not been disturbed, for if life is to be measured by heartbeats, still more by the heart-throbs of others, what

a full life is here rounded out, what splendid ripeness! Surely he was gathered in the fulness of his days. Here in this half century, according to the calendar, are achievements on many lines, triumphs many and conspicuous, which might well grace the full measure of the fourscore years and more. He has done his work well. It becomes us to give thanks for the abundant life, the bounteous harvest.

If perchance our own lives are the more desolate for his going and the banner which we followed seems to waver, if I, standing with the mourners, feel forlorn, and know that a strength has gone out of my life, a stay out of my plans, I must not falter and I must not de discouraged. I must partake of his courage and invite you to do the same. That discipline which was his, crowning his heroic conquering of difficulties with a more heroic conquering of death itself, must be ours.

Dr. Shears was an omnivorous reader. His only recreation was in his books. He was a discriminating reader. It was the larger subjects that interested him. He wanted the pictures of his heroes about him: Giordano Bruno, Savonarola, Cromwell and Garibaldi. Up to his last conscious moments he wanted the "Awakening of Persia" read to him. His mental discipline was so perfect that he determined to keep his mind on the larger subjects of life only, saying that this was the only thing in life anyway, so why not have the benefit of it now? We must always preserve our intellectual integrity, he often said. Hail, brother! Well done! Enter thou into thy reward. Inspired by thy strength, guided by thy triumphs, rebuked by thy courage, we must close the ranks, keep the banner afloat, and the line moving.

He hath outsoared the shadow of our night,
Envy and calumny and hate and pain
And that unrest that men miscall delight
Can touch him not, nor trouble him again.
From the contamination of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never know the heart
Grown cold, the head grown grey in vain,
Nor when the spirit's lamp hath ceased to burn
With sparkless ashes, fill an unlamented urn.

Peace evermore be with thee, my brother, and with these thy friends, and may all of us, in the deathless righteousness of love and justice, the ultimate elements of the God ever established, of whose existence there can be no doubt, find the peace that passeth understanding. Amen.

## A Tribute from a Fellow-Worker

In the death of Dr. Shears, UNITY and the writer have lost their stanchest and dearest friend. I say this not in disparagement of any other, but from his peculiar fitness for such a place in one's life. I never left his bedside during his trying sickness without being impressed by my shortcomings and his unfailing courage under such conditions, always planning for good and for the future. He was a great and able man, splendid in every way.

A heart large enough for the needs of his brother man and a soul that knew no guile,—such was our loved and loving friend and *more*. We that knew him, yes, and many that knew him not, are wiser and better for his having lived. S. W. LAMSON.

The one eternal lesson for us all is how better we can love.—*Henry Drummond.*

## THE PULPIT

### SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

—*Arthur Hugh Clough.*

## A Sermon From the West

GIVEN IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1909, BY EVELYN H. WALKER.

We live in an unfinished world, still in the process of making, a world which, though thousands of ages have swept over it and contributed to its being, is still young with promise and quivering like an April morning with expectation of change. This was the thought that possessed me at the foot of Pike's Peak and its fellow-giants in the heart of the Rockies. Among these solemn mountains the imagination is quickened and one can fancy oneself in the primordial world, catching glimpses of the divine methods, studying the ways of God in creation. The same thought haunted me in the Garden of the Gods, and pursued me for hundreds of miles along the narrow gorge of the roaring Arkansas, a journey made possible only by the man-built railroads rivaling in sublimity and daring the God-built mountains. Truly, if the gods could be jealous of the race of men and fear their achievements, as in the old Bible legends, it might well be here, where they have built those marvelous highways, leveling mountains, suspending giddy arches and soaring trestles across well nigh bottomless abysses, hanging their bridges in mid-air between earth and heaven, literally destroying space and creating time, making days play the part of weeks in the traveler's endless procession across the continent.

Through the power of imagination inspired by tradition, it was given to the world's great painter, Michael Angelo, to stand as it were in the presence of the Creator at the instant of endowing a mute world with the transcendent gift of life; but through the facts laid bare before us in the open book of the rocks, it is given to the least endowed among us to look upon a never-ending series of creative acts.

"An unfinished world,"—it was not a new thought, but it came to me those days in the mountains fraught with new meaning and new implications. It sped with me over the desert where the sage-brush was at work making soil out of the sands, which in the long lapse of ages the mountains had yielded to the plowing of heat and cold, the agencies of nature for the making of the lowland, and where now and then a vivid green ribbon of alfalfa or belt of grain told the story of

irrigation and discovered man at work about his Father's business, making the desert to blossom as the rose and carrying forward to perfection the work begun so long before his advent upon the earth.

And the thought that possessed me in the mountains and followed me over the desert was no less my companion in the cities it was my privilege to visit, the busy, bustling marts which have grown up over night along the Pacific Coast. For if the world given to man for his habitation is still a world in the making, is it not reasonable and necessary to believe that man himself is still unfinished and has before him new possibilities and new achievements to dwarf the old?

In the old Hindoo mythology, the three-faced, threefold god consisted of Brahma, Vishnu, Siva,—Creator, Preserver, Destroyer. Man, too, is a trinity. He holds these three elements in his breast, and, god-like, acts upon nature with them all. And since he has come upon the earth in such numbers, he is beginning to take a hand in the molding of the world. Whereever he goes he leaves his impress for better or for worse.

To the mind of primitive man all the forces of nature were at enmity with him. His gods were devils and needed to be placated. His sacrifices were given, not in gratitude, but in fear, or, at best, with the species of thanks which have been characterized as "a lively sense of favors to come." The forest, with its wild beasts and unknown terrors, was an object of fear and hatred; he cowered before it until he had learned in a measure to cope with it, and then he set himself to destroy it; and this attitude did not, unfortunately, end with savagery. When our fathers landed on the Atlantic shores, they found awaiting them a shaggy wilderness bristling with dangers and death, waiting to be subdued and transformed into the fertile breast of a continent. But again, the first task they set themselves was destruction. The emblem of the pioneer was the ax, and his name was Siva, the Destroyer. He had come upon a country of such magnificent resources that it was incredible, or rather unthought of, that they could ever be exhausted. And we are still in the pioneer stage of thought. We think only of present values. According to government reports we cut two hundred and fifty cubic feet of timber yearly to every inhabitant, while in Germany thirty-seven cubic feet suffices, and in France, only twenty-five. Moreover, in America we have invented a secondary form of destruction which is scarcely less perilous to our national resources. Its name is Monopoly, and by its means we give away what we cannot destroy outright, too often to wealthy corporations or individuals whom we thus make more wealthy, while we impoverish the nation. This is one of the distressing things which no visitor to the West can overlook or escape.

One or two illustrations must suffice. Under the Stone and Timber Act of 1878, one of the most open and flagrant of robberies was perpetrated. Under the terms of this act, any citizen might take up a claim for a hundred and sixty acres of certain tracts of timber land by paying $2.50 per acre. The restrictions were so slight and inadequate that wealthy corporations were able to hire individuals to swear in a claim and vanish after deeding the claim to the company. This was done in many cases at the rate of about fifty dollars a claim, and in this way from ten to twenty thousand acres of the finest red-wood forests in California, of which a single tree would often be found worth a hundred dollars, was literally stolen from the nation. Under such laws as this, and in the absence or mal-execution of laws of the right sort, the magnificent belt of red-woods along the Pacific Coast, the like of which exists no where else on the globe, became, for a song, the property of corporations and private owners, until in 1891 the Government awoke to the fact that not a single quarter section of red-woods was left in the possession of the nation,—a threat, and, indeed, almost a certain promise of the complete extinction of the most splendid and unique forest monument on the continent. This was an apalling situation, and no one who has seen these noble trees could think of it without indignation. This particular robbery occurred in 1878, but unhappily such depredations are not confined to ancient history or limited to the red-wood country.

"Any fool can destroy a tree," says John Muir, who is my authority for the above bit of history; yes, or any other noble thing; but what judgment, what skill, what wisdom, what self-denial, what consecration, and above all, what time, are required to make good the loss after the destruction has once been perpetrated.

But I must go no farther into this subject. It is a topic for the pen of an Ida Tarbell. I do not pretend to know the right of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, or the history of the Water Power Trust, as brought out in the late Conservation Conference in Spokane and subsequent discussions, but I am sure that this trust, like most others, will bear watching, and that voters ought to be intelligent on these matters. Nor do I assume to understand the devious ways of Homestead Acts, but I know that we were all startled a few days ago by hearing that a Chicago citizen had drawn a ten thousand dollar prize of land in the Coeur d' Alene district. Pray tell me, should not such prizes be divided, or has the United States Government gone into the lottery business?

As it seems to me, there are just two reasons why such national crimes as these are permitted by the common people; or rather, there is but one reason, and that is that there are two things which the people have not yet found out,—namely, first, that these matters pertain to each of them as truly as does their daily bread, and second, that their interets are one and indivisible,—two things which have been told us by all the sages from Marcus Arelius to Emerson, and which everyone admits, things which have gotten well into our heads, but have not yet worked themselves into the common human will as they have long since into the bee-hive and the ant-hill. When they do find these things out, practically as well as theoretically, the common people can have anything they want, even to the absolute control of national as well as state legislation, an end which, in the light of the last few weeks of national history, seems more remote than wireless communication with Mars or an airship line to the moon. Then, and not until then, shall we have the true democracy of which we boast, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. And permit me to ask in passing, whether, until the return of an era of some slight evident connection between the raw will of the voter, as now expressed at the polls, and the finished product of legislation as apparent in the law of the land, it might not be a favorable opportunity for the ruling half of the nation to try the harmless experiment of permitting the now unenfranchised part the privilege of voting an innocuous ballot, which, like their own, will exert little perceptible effect upon the policies of the nation. Under present conditions

it could certainly work no harm, even if it did no good.

But pioneer days must have an end, and the Western settler cannot forever appear in the role of Destroyer. In this matter we have much to learn from the old world, especially from Germany, where in 1907 the forests produced an income of $2.40 per acre, and from Switzerland, where the forest of the Sihlwald, owned and managed by the city of Zurich since the fourteenth century, produces about eight dollars per acre annually. In many of the German villages, the communal forests, so held since the Middle Ages, are so well managed that they have become sufficiently productive to pay all the village taxes. And there are indications that the western American is beginning to learn this lesson. Many of the colleges, both West and East, have established courses in forestry, and popular intelligence on this subject is penetrating the regions where it is most needed. Out among the Douglas spruce and giant cedars of Washington, under the shadow of one of the "biggest mills in the world,"—I have forgotten how many of those I found out there,—I met a proud father and mother whose son had just won a hundred-dollar prize in the Washington University at Seattle for the best essay on "Economical Methods of Lumbering," and I heard comments enough to prove that that single boyish essay was doing much toward making discreditable the tall stumps, burnt-over areas, and immense furnaces for the destruction of the so-called "waste" in that part of the state.

It is a marvelous vision that one may recall to whom it has once been given, as it has to most of us, to span the American continent. What a bewildering complexity of beauty, grandeur and desolation, prairie, mountain, plateau and desert. And everywhere crowning the wonderful work of nature is the work of man; railroads, bridges, irrigation plants, schools, homes, churches, cities. And noteworthy among them all stands the young city of Seattle, which has grown from a small village in 1878 to a city of three hundred thousand, and which, with all Puget Sound for its harbor, is rapidly becoming one of the leading commercial ports on the Pacific coast, with its lake-encircled, mountain-guarded, forest-shadowed, ocean-fronted Exposition, come to bring the wonders of the Orient and our own scarce less richly endowed Northwest to our door. The "faith that moves mountains" can no longer be considered an Oriental exaggeration. In Seattle they are showing how it is done,—almost literally cutting down mountains in their front yard and casting them into the sea. And if they had not already an abundance of mountains for scenic and other purposes in their backyard, they would undoubtedly find a way to build them. The one achievement would not much more than match the other for audacity and skill. Everywhere man in league with creation to carry forward this great new western world toward perfection, at least in things material.

To coöperate with whatever forces have brought the world thus far on its way,—what thought can fill the mind with greater reverence and higher aspirations? What greater privilege can be given to finite man than that of coöperating with an Infinite God? It is not, perhaps, what most of us are consciously doing, but if we stop to think of it, we can really do nothing else. In material matters everything else is *nil*. We must obey the laws of nature or we get nowhere, and accomplish nothing. Yet it is not many thousand years ago that man began to escape from superstition and priesthood and learn this law. It is little more than two hundred years ago that men and women were hanged for witchcraft in this country in contradiction to this law, yet we have now learned it so thoroughly that the statement of it today is the merest commonplace. The magnificent panorama of the triumphs of man in this western world constitute the splendid realization of the law of obedience which governs the visible world. The development of human power has advanced at a rate little short of miraculous. Man has harnessed the forces of nature and mastered his masters, the lightning and the storm, gravitation and the torrent, until it would seem that there is little more to be achieved in this direction. Is it possible that, after showing himself so bright a pupil in the realm of matter, he will rest on this achievement and allow himself to be thwarted in the fields of psychic adventure? Having learned the law of obedience as the road to material success, is it not unthinkable that he should not go still farther and learn that the same law holds good all the way? Having learned the law of power, will he not go on and learn the law of love?

In the ethical and spiritual world there are tremendous forces awaiting mastery,—the forces of acquisition, now taking the form of greed,—and what else? I know no other to match it. Time out of mind New England has been called the home of frugality, but I think in these later days the palm must go to the West for upright and downright devotion to the amassing of fortunes, right or wrong, honest or dishonest. Here, if anywhere, the love of wealth is the ruling passion; here if anywhere, do human hearts build their heaven on wealth and sell their souls for greed.

You tell me this is not confined to the West, and the comment is too true; but I think it is more in evidence here. I am not speaking now of the great railroad corporations or the San Francisco grafters,—but of the rank and file of those of whom corporations and grafters are made. It was out West that I found a woman school teacher, telling every one on the car whom she could persuade to listen to her,—and I think nobody escaped,—how much she had saved during eight years' teaching in Seattle, assisted by speculating in city lots. I am always glad when a woman has the prudence and persistence to lay aside a little for the rainy day which is so sure to arrive. But to be able to talk of it,—and nothing else,—in the presence of the Canadian Rockies! And worse yet, I am convinced that she is a type. The West is full of her. It was a Seattle school teacher, too, whose thrift was held up for admiration to the same carload of admiring passengers by another Seattle teacher, and this was her achievement: She had made and sold, during seven years of teaching, seventeen hundred dollars' worth of tatting! working noons, afternoons and evenings, as I was told, and Sundays as I could conjecture. I am glad she has the seventeen hundred dollars. She will need them, for she has not had time to lay up anything else. But what is to compensate the children for their bereavement of the mental nourishment and inspiration which were their due?

When I spoke of the forces of greed, I tried to think of something else to go with it; but I could think of nothing. After all, perhaps, Paul,—if it was Paul who wrote the Epistle to Timothy,—was right when he said that "the love of money is the root of all

evil." More and more it is borne in upon me that the sordid love of gain lies at the root of nearly all of the evil passions of men and women. Why are saloons and other allurements of youth and innocence kept wide open in spite of all the influence of the law-loving and law-abiding? Why are the world's armies kept up, notwithstanding the overwhelming sense of their uselessness and wickedness? For almost no other reason than that of gain. Abolish the crimes that are rooted in avarice and you can shut nine-tenths of your prisons and jails.

Who can be paid for honest toil? Can you pay with gold a Doctor Grenfell for his twenty years of wandering up and down the dreary coast of Labrador, ministering to the bodies and souls of those humble fisher folk, or even for the one night of agony so graphically described in "Afloat on an Ice Pan"? pay a St. Gaudens for the wealth he has added to the world of beauty? pay a Lincoln for his four years of bitterness that the rights of the slave might be secured? pay a mother for a night's anguish over the feverish couch of her dying child? No more can you pay an honest day laborer for an hour of his life, much less for his sixty years of unremitting, grinding toil. Nor can you withhold the true reward which accompanies all faithful service, given for the right motive. The folly of our monetary system is shown by the impossibility of doing justice in payment or giving equal need to equal due. Says Carlyle, "Thou wilt never sell thy life nor any part of thy life in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart. Let the price be nothing; thou hast then in a certain sense got all for it."

On the other hand, who can believe that any one who is doing any truly noble work would abate his zeal if his reward were slacked, always supposing that the needs of his life could be provided for independently of his labor? Is it only a poet's dream when each shall "work for the joy of working," "for the God of things as they are," or, better still, as they ought to be? Of course we are confronted by the fact that in our present state of civilization we know no way of getting along without money, but neither do we know very well how to get along with it. Whether like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, we shall have to cast off this burden, is, I suppose, a hypothesis unthinkable to most. But it is something if our western friends can help us to see a little of the absurdity of the present situation.

A phase of western life much commented upon by eastern people, and with the best of reason, is the general disregard for law, a remnant, perhaps, from the days of the vigilance committees of forty-nine and fifty. Out in Oregon I heard of a colony of anarchists who profess to disregard every law of God and man, going so far as to say that even self-control is incompatible with true freedom. But I understand that they sow their crops in the spring and reap in the fall.

> "There is no unbelief,
> Whoever plants the seed beneath the sod,
> And looks to see it push away the clod,
> Trusts he in God,"

and in nature's eternal laws.

Then again, there are certain laws of conduct, like the "law of the road," which impinge on the laws of matter, and so get themselves obeyed in spite of everything. And I was informed by a most sympathetic eye-witness that questions of individual rights have begun to arise even in this once happy valley, and that crimination and recrimination have become all too frequent for the peace of the community; even anarchists find it impossible to leave the word "ought" out of the dictionary. Very well, if things only get bad enough in this community, they are pretty sure to get better. Perhaps Bernard Shaw was not so far wrong when he said in his thought-provoking little book on the "Sanity of Art," to one who was "tired of murdering her own instincts and throwing her life away in obedience to a mouthful of empty phrases":

"By all means do as you propose. Try how wicked you can be: it is precisely the same experiment as trying how good you can be. At worst you will only find out the sort of person you really are. At best you will find that your passions, if you really and honestly let them all loose impartially, will discipline you with a severity which your conventional friends, abandoning themselves to the mechanical routine of fashion, could not stand for a day." Yes, give it time enough and rope enough, and the law-breaking spirit is its own best cure.

Much of the interest of a visit to the West lies in the human material which is being chosen to continue the making of this new world. An army of sweating Irishmen to dig the dirt, to fetch and carry, to lay and spike the rails for those great trans-continental roads which carry us with so much comfort and so great speed to the Golden Gate; thousands of day laborers, German, Scandinavian, Russian, Italian, Bohemian, Polish, Chinese, Japanese, to sow and harvest the grain and dig the mines, adventurers, jugglers, great engineers, captains of industry, teachers, reformers, black, white and yellow, good, bad, but never indifferent, but chiefly very common people, a motley crowd, unshaved men and unmanicured women, whose subjects and verbs seldom agree except by rare good fortune, with now and then a David Starr Jordan and a Luther Burbank to show what nature can do at her best. To these and such as these is given the task of carrying the world forward to—what? What is to become of the great world dreams, the "City of God," the "New Atlantis," "Utopia," "Nowhere," "Altruria?" Here is the greatest mixture of races the world has ever known; here the operation of heredity is given the greatest freedom, if, to do its worst, also to do its best. What will rise from this witches' caldron? Of course the outcome of all this is the terror of all those fearful souls whose slogan is ever "protection," protection of home industries by tariff, protection of home labor by exclusion of foreign labor, protection of race purity by race segregation.

One of the keenest of our present day students along hereditary and sociological lines has lately startled the conservative among University circles by the suggestion that a mixture of Indian blood might add desirable qualities to the white man's endowment,—though the "quality" of Virginia antedated this discovery by about two hundred years with their pride of descent from Pocahontas. It is at least questionable if any experiment more hazardous than such a mixture is likely to be tried even in our great race whirlpool in the West. It is a situation full of dramatic interest and high possibilities, discouraging or hopeful, I suppose, according to temperament, for

pessimist and optimist are born, not made. If you are what Professor William James would call a "tender-footed optimist," you would like to come back, as I intend to do, once every hundred or thousand years, to see what is going on in this new land of promise.

It was given me to return from the Pacific Coast with many a vision of beauty safely stored away for a life after a life, but of all of them, I think the most entrancing was that of Mount Rainier, or Tacoma, as the Indians call it, and as we ought to call it; Tacoma, "nourishing mother" of river and forest, the Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of the American continent, I saw it under many varying conditions and cloud effects, but one imperial day spent on Puget Sound I shall remember as Tacoma day to the end of my life. To what principle of atmosphere or optics the phenomenon was due I do not know, but in a spot above the southeastern horizon at which I had been intently looking, where nothing was, but where I knew the mountain should be, there suddenly appeared an army of billowy summer clouds, of mountain size and shape, but apparently as airy and unsubstantial as a dream. Time after time my clouds vanished, always to reappear in the same place in the sky, presently to assume substantial form and prove themselves the mountain I was looking for, but never to lose their cloud semblance, and all that glorious day to vie in wonder and beauty with the snow-capped Olympics in the west.

Those rifts of cloud-mountains, or mountain-clouds, loom large in my memory and strengthen the foundations of hope. The clouds had turned into granite, the vision into adamant, such stuff as the earth's foundations are made of. "Baseless as a dream," we often say, but how many a dream of poor humanity has already found a granite foundation, immovable and enduring, like my cloud-topped, snow-capped, but rock-ribbed fire-mountains of Puget Sound.

One of our National Forests in which I took great delight and which ministered to my hope and faith, was one of the smallest and newest of the Government Reserves, the gift of a private citizen to the United States, a citizen of Chicago as well as of California, the first of such gifts to the nation, and, may it not be hoped, the first of many such,—the Muir Woods on Mount Tamalpais, a hundred acres of superb California red-woods. From the top of Tamalpais I looked down upon an empire of mountain, sea and valley, river and plain unrolled like a map before me. And again, as from my vision of Mount Tacoma, hope and faith arose and would not be downed. There to the south lay San Francisco, literally sprung from its ashes and grappling with the devil of greed and graft. Across the bay on the east was Berkeley, the fair young city of promise, in its own natural amphitheater, at the foot of its vine-clad hills, Berkeley, with its new commission government, evolved from the Galveston, Des Moines and other plans, with initial and referendum, politics divorced from spoils, a city practically without a saloon and prospering commercially without it as it had never prospered with it, engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with vice, a glow spot on the continent for political purity, educational privileges and social equality.

To the north lay the beautiful Mill valley and the fertile fields and protecting woodland stretching as far as the eye could reach, with a chain of village pearls strung on its railway string from Sausalito to San Rafael and beyond. And nestling close to the mountain lay the twenty-eight acres of valley-land which have been recently given for the founding of the Tamalpais Centre, lineal child of Abraham Lincoln Centre, on which a building is now being reared for the housing of the social, industrial and spiritual activities of the inhabitants of that string of villages and valley ranches where the children of rich and poor shall meet on equal terms, where race and color shall be no barrier to mutual helpfulness and mutual development.

All this from one mountain top! Surely, the sunrise is reaching even to the West! Again I found courage and hope in my mountain vision.

I have referred to a few of the many conditions which a student of the West must necessarily find discouraging and depressing. Above all, there is no denying a degree of practical materialism which warrants forebodings and reminds one dubiously of empires and cities not found on our modern maps. But here we have the space for the founding of a great nation, unequalled resources, and the temperate climate, best adapted to human development; and upon this foundation has already been built one of the greatest material empires the world has ever known. Men in all ages have dreamed of a nation founded on justice and equality of human rights. If better things can enter into the heart of man to conceive than the forces which have brought them into being are able to realize, then is man greater than his Creator. But I must believe that the dream is a part of the plan, and with Whitman,

"Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith
In thy ensemble, whatever else withheld withhold not from us
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,
Health, peace, salvation universal.
Is it a dream?
Nay, but the lack of it the dream,
And failing it life's lore and wealth a dream,
And all the world a dream;"

and again with Browning,

"I have faith such end shall be:
From the first, Power was—I knew.
Life has made clear to me
That, strive but for closer view,
Love were as plain to see."

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AUGUST WIND.

The sharp wind cut a pathway through the cloud,
And left a track of faintly shining blue;
The nunlike poplars swayed and bowed,
And low the swallows flew!

The sudden dust whirled up the stony road,
And blurred the brightness of the golden-rod;
The ripened milk-weed bent, and sowed
Winged seeds at every nod;

Backward the maple tossed her feathery crown,
Then flung her branches on the streaming air;
The brittle oak-leaves, dry and brown,
Rustled with break and tear!

Each wayside weed was twisted like a thread;
Then, suddenly, far up the pasture hill,
Quick as it came the gust had fled,
And all the fields were still.

—*Margaret DeLand.*

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Amidst all the mysteries by which we are surrounded, nothing is more certain than that we are in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed.—*Herbert Spencer.*

## Correspondence

Dear UNITY: I write to call your attention to two matters. First, have you noticed a series of articles now running in the Cosmopolitan Magazine by a Mr. Bolce? They began in the May number and will be continued into the September number. The July and August numbers should be read by every thinking man and woman in the United States but of course that is too much to expect. But can we not have some extracts from them in UNITY? I haven't seen anything in ten years that seems of as much importance to the human race as an honest reading of what the great scholars and investigators are finding and teaching in our universities today. I think they are everlastingly right when they contend that no one can erect a new building upon an old foundation until the old building is removed. President Schurman and others in the August number strike the nail squarely on the head. Mankind has too long been cheated out of his birthright by superstition and now has noble and fearless scholars championing his cause. Let us help to get the good news before the people. My second matter is a book called "The New Word," by Allen Upward, and published in England. All readers of UNITY will want to read it if for no other reason than his plea for sincerity in teaching the children the truth, the whole truth (as far as we have discovered it) and nothing but the truth. Yours sincerely,

ALVIN JOINER.

*Polo, July 17, 1909.*

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EDITOR UNITY: The paper which appeared in the July 29 issue of UNITY on the subject of "Trained Animals," ought to be copied in every magazine in the land, and read and reread by every person in the world. We need thousands of just such sermons at this present time to *civilize* and *Christianize* the majority of our people. Far too little attention is given that subject. We look to the church for moral help, but is it notably active in reference to the rights of our dumb brothers? Hidden barbarities should be exposed and open cruelties should be crushed. Is there any better way to do this than by agitation through the press?

EMMA J. COOPER.

*Cleves, Ohio.*

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## THE STUDY TABLE

### Book Notes

Dr. Paul Carus has given us a collection of quaint rhymes by a seventeenth century German mystic, known as Angelus Silesius. The preface contains biography and illustrations. The book is exceedingly interesting for English readers, and the sentiment is richly religious and philosophical. A second volume from the same author is "Edward's Dream," the philosophy of a German humorist. This little volume is full of rare humor, and will deeply interest most of the readers of UNITY.

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An interesting feature of *Open Court* for August is an article by Honorable Willis Brewer on "Judas"; and there is an admirable article on "How to Teach the Bible in Schools," by the editor himself. But for practical Bible study I recommend the "Common Sense Bible Teacher," published by C. L. Abbott, at St. Paul, Minn. This work takes for its motto the words of Jefferson, "Read your Bible as you would Livy or Tacitus," and for its guiding star the doctrine of Evolution. Mr. Abbott is publishing the books of the New Testament separately, in the order written, and in a new translation made by an evolutionist whose aim is to reproduce for the English reader of today the impression made by the original on its first readers. Full explanatory notes accompany the text, and the department of criticism and discussion is a spicy feature. This is the first real opportunity the public has ever had to read the Bible as literature, and it is attracting attention both in England and the United States. Quarterly, illustrated, $1.00 a year. I can only add that I wish I could have had this help in my younger days. What possible nonsense could be greater than trying to read Oriental literature through the spectacles of King James and the Bishops, who were intensely Occidental? You will be astonished when you read the Bible translated into modern language.

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Right along with this Bible work comes the fourth volume of "The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge." This is a very liberal handling of the literature entitled "Bible, or Holy Writ." The contents are orthodox, however, and stand by all the claims of orthodoxy.

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From Putnam I have "A Resemblance, and Other Stories," by Clare Benedict. These stories are collected from the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*, but I am rereading them with pleasure. Roderick Eaton's "Children" is one of the most valuable short stories in the English language. His "Comrade" is another remarkably valuable and helpful story.

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I was hunting up a book that would be just the thing for a boy in his midsummer vacation. I found two that he pronounces a little ahead of anything else he ever read. One of these is "Bob and the Guides," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and the other is "Eben Holden," published by the Lothrop Company of Boston. Everybody knows this as the initial volume of Irving Bacheller. I entirely agree with the boy, and hold these two books among the classics of boy literature, right along with "Swiss Family Robinson" and "Robinson Crusoe."

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I have begun to think that there is one magazine in America more important than the *Literary Digest*. I mean the *Survey*, our social, charitable and civic magazine. It will keep you in close touch with every heart-throb of humanity, and it will teach you how to make yourself count in the great struggle for human betterment.

E. P. POWELL.

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Happy School Days, by Margaret E. Sangster, is a book that any girl will delight in and profit by. Miss Sangster can read clear into a girl's heart and answer its needs. Lines are well defined between the seeming and the real and the things that are worth striving for held aloft. Every page is a help to high living. The book is published by Forbes & Co., Chicago.

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# THE FIELD

*"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."*

## THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

The twentieth session of this school has come and gone. The first session was held in the Unity chapel in the Hillside valley; the third, in the eventful year of 1893, was held in the Unity building in Chicago in connection with the World's Fair; the remaining eighteen sessions have been held on Tower Hill. During that time the Hill, which for a generation had been wasted by annual and semi-annual fires and overrun and neglected as unfenced commons, well deserving the name given it by the surveyor of "Thistle Park," has been rehabilitated. The thistles and sandburs have given way to white clover and grass. The seedlings and saplings planted have grown into trees rendering gracious shade. Thousands of young pines and cedars, besides innumerable curious and beautiful things, have gladly covered the original nakedness of the Hill. Annuals, biennials, perennials, flowering vines, shrubs, bushes and trees, encouraged rather than discouraged, have spread their tangle, now broken only by the meandering paths that wind in and out among the score of cottages and from all of them to the dining hall and the Emerson pavilion, where the provender for the renewal of body and of the mind are dispensed.

The attendance at this session, like preceding ones, has been neither startling nor meager in number. The usual interested class of from twenty to thirty was so habitually prompt in its attendance that the best efforts of leader and pupil seemed amply justified. The sixth year's work in the seven-year course of study in religion, on the third way around, was one of absorbing interest. The biographical stepping-stones across the centuries that reach from Paul to Luther often touched the deep places of the soul, challenged the appreciative imagination, and made devout Catholic, heroic martyr, or daring radical as the case might be, of all who could hearken to the message of the centuries.

The program this year was the simplest yet ventured. There was less strain on the management, and less strenuousness called for on the part of the student than in previous years. The vicissitudes of the year and the personnel of the attendance furnished no one this year to lead in the study of trees, flowers, birds, bugs, snakes, toads, etc. All these objects were present as usual, but each hill resident was left to his or her own devices in finding a way to the heart of nature. Sugar Loaf, "Phoebe Point," and "the Cave" were lures as of old, and perhaps the absence of the teacher was compensated for by the increased initiative of the inquiring mind and the seeking eye.

Not even the stereopticon and the imported lecturer were deemed indispensable, for the manipulators of the lenses dear to Tower Hill were by force of circumstances compelled to tarry away. The main work was in the study of religion, already alluded to, "the Flowering of Christianity," which occupied the time from 11 o'clock in the morning till the dinner bell at 12:30 broke up the interesting discussions.

Nearly all the evenings were taken up by the stately Milton. The study was opened by a lecture inspired by the tercentennial, after which all "helps" and "short cuts" were cast aside, and the class plunged into the great Miltonic sea and bathed in its rolling waves and majestic billows. "Samson Agonistes," and "Comus" were read in character, and *"Paradise Lost"* and *"Paradise Regained"* read "plum through," every line of them, no one ever flinching from a book at a sitting. In order that this formidable but delightful task might be realized, the readings were projected an entire week beyond the prescribed end of the school term.

Whatever was best and most inspiring in this month's fellowship is unreportable as well as inestimable. The mutual correctives of mind acting upon mind, the renewed courage, and the clearer definition of future plans represented the vital elements in this summer's session.

Seven ministers came within the zone of influence, representing ministerial centers at San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, Rockford, Ill., Erie, Pa., Kansas City, Mo., and Racine, Wis. The work of the school will also reach the school children through their teachers who will carry back something from Tower Hill to their tasks in Chiritories.

In the early days, the projectors of the Tower Hill Encampment used to have much to say of the "tired preachers and teachers" to whom they fain would minister by means of Tower Hill. Frankness requires the confession that such have not sought Tower Hill in any great numbers; not a few perhaps avoided it lest it might provoke interest and awaken enthusiasm that would be wearying, but the few who have come have never gone away begrudging the interest or exhausted by the enthusiasm.

Many of these hypothetical preachers and teachers who have stayed away have feared Tower Hill attractions lest they might prove transitory. They have witheld their support and cooperation for fear the conductor or some thing else might die. To such timid ones we would say that during the nineteen years of these precautions little trees have grown great; the hill has grown more beautiful; the calves have grown to be cows; and still the Hill remains and the old shot-tower "shaft," and "the cave," so called because it is not a cave, are still there at the foot of the Hill, and to all appearances these are to abide, permanent features in this delightful landscape.

Quiet as has been the session, it has not been without its episodes. On Sunday, the fifteenth of August, there was a memorable drive to "Bear Valley," sixteen miles away, and the still more memorable festival in the newly renovated "Union Chapel" in that countryside. This is one of the most intelligent and progressive farming communities in the state of Wisconsin, where fifty or more years ago, a settlement of immigrants from "Herkimer Co., York State" started the first cheese factory in Wisconsin. Two years ago the senior editor of UNITY spoke in this same chapel. Noting its weather-beaten sides, leaky roof, and falling ceiling, he then made sermon uses of the same. This year he was asked to return to note the renovated chapel in fresh paint, new roof, restored and redecorated ceiling, and there were four preachers to help in the re-dedication.

Five wagon loads from the Hill, joined with four more from the Hillside valley, made up a goodly audience, which was hospitably received by the neighbors, who had often taken the reverse trip to the Helena Valley and Tower Hill Grove meetings. Rev. Ernest Bradley, of San Francisco, followed by Rev. T. A. Mills, of Rockford, Ill., delivered "the word" in the morning. Then there was an adjournment with a sumptuous dinner graciously served at the long table in the quiet churchyard, followed by another meeting at which Rev. T. P. Byrnes, of Erie, Pa., and the senior editor of UNITY spoke, and the venerable father Loomis, who just three years before dedicated the chapel to unsectarian worship, spoke the closing word, just as forward looking as ever.

On the way home up the "Little Bear," the procession stopped for supper in the beautiful yard belonging to a reader of UNITY; then home over the hills through the twilight into the dark.

The summer school was closed with the fourth annual "Woman's Congress" and the twenty-ninth "Helena Valley Grove Meeting." The meetings Friday and Saturday, August 20 and 21, were

in charge of Miss Lutie E. Stearns, chairman of the woman's committee; the meetings on Sunday were in charge of Mr. Jones.

On Friday night, J. F. Baker, represcago, Rockford, Madison, Kansas City, Fort Atkinson, Wis., and adjoining tersentative of the Anti-Saloon League of Wisconsin, gave a most interesting and encouraging exhibit of this most hopeful movement of our times in America.

Sunday morning Mr. E. W. Walker, head of the State Institution for the Deaf, at Delavan, opened the eyes of the company to the pedagogical and psychological revelations in the education of these unfortunates, Illustrating the same by the achievements of a sweet little eight-year old pupil, who recited, wrote, and conversed in a marvelous manner after only two years' tuition. Mr. Walker was followed by Mrs. Mary D. Bradford, of the Whitewater Normal school, on "The Backward Child," and Miss Caroline L. Hunt of La Follette's Magazine on "The Opportunities of the Farmer's Wife."

After dinner Rev. Olympia Brown, of Racine, Wis., with the dignity and force of a Roman senator, pleaded for the equal rights of woman with man at the ballot-box. Mrs. R. H. Edwards, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, of Oshkosh, Wis., disclosed the great work on civic and educational lines accomplished by the women of the state. Mrs. J. H. Rogers, of Portage, with the aid of a manuscript by Miss Zona Gale, showed what the women of one town have accomplished. In the evening Miss Lutie E. Stearns, of the Library Commission of Wisconsin, gave a pleasing address revealing what has been accomplished in a missionary way with books and Prof. Sighty of the University of Wisconsin showed what is being done the constant department of this venturous institution.

On Sunday morning the speaking was in the hands of Rev. T. A. Mills, of Rockford, Ill., and Eliza Tupper Wilkes of Los Angeles, California, while the afternoon service was conducted by Revs. T. P. Byrnes, of Erie, Pa., and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. There were, of course, the good dinners on the lawn Saturday and Sunday with plenty of supper for those who remained. The twenty-five extra guests that the Woman's Congress brought exhausted the sleeping resources of Tower Hill, but the overflow was accomodated by neighbors in the valley, and the heart resources were ample.

The management of Tower Hill has often been accused of insufficient advertising. "Why didn't you let us know what was going on?" "Why don't you advertise your program earlier?" For once at least The Tower Hill Summer School is going to be forehanded. Below is appended the program in detail of the work in religion for the Tower Hill Summer School for the season of 1910. There will be other announcements to make; other programs to be suggested; but this is enough to exhaust the capacity of Tower Hill if all begin right now to plan and to say to Tower Hill in ample season, "We'll be with you next year." J. L. J.


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3. Henry the VIII. 1491-1547.
4. John Calvin. 1509-1564.
5. John Knox. 1505-1572.
6. The Puritans. 1566-
7. George Fox. 1624-1691.
8. John Wesley. 1703-1791.

II. PROTESTANTISM: LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

9. Servetus. 1511-1553.
10. The Socinii. Laelius and Faustus. 1525-1562. 1539-1604.
11. Francis David. 1510 (?)-1571.
12. Joseph Priestley. 1733-1804.
13. William Ellery Channing. 1780-1842.
14. Hosea Ballou. 1771-1852.
15. Theodore Parker. 1810-1860.

III. THE ENLARGEMENT OF CHRISTIANITY BY SCIENCE.

16. Copernicus. 1473-1543.
17. Charles Darwin. 1809-1882.

IV. THE ENLARGEMENT OF CHRISTIANITY BY SKEPTICISM.

18. Voltaire. 1694-1778.
19. Thomas Paine. 1737-1809.

V. THE ENLARGEMENT OF CHRISTIANITY BY LITERATURE.

20. John Greenleaf Whittier. 1807-1892.

VI. THE HUMANITARIAN ENLARGEMENT.

21. Dorothea Dix. 1805-1887.

VII. THE SOCIALISTIC ENLARGEMENT.

22. John Ruskin. 1819-1900.

VIII. THE NEW ORTHODOXY.

23. Horace Bushnell. 1802-1876.

IX. THE NEW CATHOLICISM.

24. (a) Orthodox—Young Men's Christian Association; Young Women's Christian Association; Women's Christian Temperance Union; Christian Endeavor.
25. (b) Liberal—Free Religious Association; Parliament of Religions; The Congress of Religion.

X. PROPHETS OF UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

26. Immanuel Kant. 1724-1803.
27. James Martineau. 1805-1900.
28. Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1803-1882.

XI. HOME APPLICATION.

29. All Souls Church of Chicago. 1882-
30. Abraham Lincoln Centre of Chicago. 1905-


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